

~~THE SECRET PAPER~~
mead
~~OF THE KOSCHIN~~

RFP 6 - SECRET PA

SONGS FOR THE FUTURE

160 sheets • 320 pages
9³/₄ x 7¹/₂ in / 24.7 x 19.0 cm
wide ruled • 09948



© 2002 MeadWestvaco Corporation,
Dayton, Ohio 45463 U.S.A. Made in China

5
SUBJECT

mead

THE SECRET PAPERS of the
K'o chi moco'o: Book 2
December 2008

SQUARE
DEAL

H 96 = K 2

3 December - 21 Dec
2008

SCHEDULE HORAIRE/HORARIO

POEMS/SONGS FOR THE PEOPLES by Michael W. Hentrich

SECRET PAPERS, Book 2

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
TIME HEURE HORA								
MONDAY LUNDI LUNES	SONGS poems		p1-115					
TUESDAY MARDI MARTES	SECRET PAPERS BOOK 2		p. 117					
WEDNESDAY MERCREDI MIÉRCOLES		contents	p. 119					Q
THURSDAY JEUDI JUEVES		→						W
FRIDAY VENDREDI VIERNES		H96 → K2 (between H 126 and H127)						
SATURDAY SAMEDI SABADO		H96	H-126. 96K2					
SUNDAY DIMANCHE DOMINGO								

~~H 126~~

Radical Phenomenological Psychoanalysis of lived experience

VOLUME SIX : Section One

"Some Poems"

SCHIZOPHRENIC CHIMPANZEE

With ink and paper I scribble nonsense
To empty my head of wrong assumptions
About myself and the world

No way to explain or understand
Writing does not so much reveal
But most often conceals
That which lurks hiding in the bowels

Demons beckon me inward
A caring attitude towards them is necessary
Lest they come to dominate me

Until the soul gets what it wants
It will fall ill again
Caught in the grip of anxiety, fear,
Loneliness, depression, existential despair;
This is the deepening of soul

Mind - the result of torments
The flesh inflicts upon itself
Suffering - a clue to desire
Soul sees and exists because of its afflictions.

Symptoms of disease mark the awakening
Of a psyche which will not tolerate
Any more abuse

Life hurts an awful lot
Digging deeper underground
It won't let me be
It is right here breathing me!
A sickness of the soul
A dark mood ... mental illness

Through depression we enter depths
And in depths we find soul
Disturbances are signs of soul breaking through...
Breaking through veils of conceptual vessels that
contain it
True revolution begins in the individual
Who is true to his own depression

THE LAST STEEL RESERVE #211

If I can just manage to flow with it
 To experience it as pure energy
 And not succumb to cures ...
 There's no need to cure me of Who I am

Understanding is no longer my goal
 My goal is not self-improvement
 Not even well-being
 I don't seek a medical cure
 Nor humanistic self-actualization
 Nor spiritual enlightenment
 I only seek to deepen experience

Goodbye hope, goodbye despair
 Looking for light makes the cave darker
 When you stop looking for light
 Depression becomes less & dark
 Live down at the bottom
 Give up hope of climbing out of it

I am the servant of my Muse and I toil where she commands.
 Any other goal other than deepening of experience
 Will only distract me from my task

I poeticize my inner experiences
To empower myself and others
Every night we enter a mythic realm,
A dark primordial ~~realm~~ world
of fear and desire

What comes from the depths of soul sickness
Could very well be more meaningful
Than any possible cure.

X Mike Hestrich
written in Asbury Park, NJ
≈ around ≈ ?

THE LAST STEEL RESERVE #211

[Mission Mike]

Here I sit healin' in this welfare cell
 I can't complain - outside the walls, it's cold as Hell
 Wait a minute two eleven, I better drink just one
 No need for a second, fallin' down drunk I aint no fun
 Twenty four ounces later - singin' purple haze
 Writin' in a pad - in a deep daze

One last stop by the welfare compound
 Before it gets knocked down to the ground
 Say goodbye to the bugs and the bites
 Say goodbye to the dirty wet stinkin' rugs
 And all the emotionally scarred drunken things
 All the mothers and daughters survivin' on hugs
 Do you have to wonder why people are self-
 prescribin' their own drugs?

Adios a los microbios
 I've been bitten more than cinco mil multiplicar dos

Bugs bite - hell, they got the right
I need the strength to give up the fight
Floating in quick sand in a pitch black night
Hold I tight, think right, give up the fight

Adios mis gentes and Brother James
Memories goin' up in flames
I remember all your faces and even your names
Memories goin' up in flames

Down and out, how do we survive?
Kicking and screaming will get us buried alive
Lay your burden down and touch the earth
Offer prayers to east, south, west and north
Above and below and into secret hidden places
My presence peers out from behind countless faces
Listening to the thoughts of my heart rife,
I fall into a trance...
and shut out the diatribe

7
[Chi - Monkey]

I was there at the welfare compound of bugs of bites
but I was placed somewhere that's twenty dollars
cheaper per night

a much cleaner environment with less police
and less fights No Steel Reserve needed
tonight for me to get right
two takes off this blunt and I'm high as a kite

I see the flaming flame from the moon
signs of distress all around
civilization too will be ending soon
and the powers-that-be will be singing
an entirely different tune.

&

PRAYER TO ODIN

Odin, Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our screaming on Main Street
Out our Volkswagen windows as we forgive those who
are robbing us blind through economic strategems
designed to confuse us.

ALCHEMY & PENOLOGY

"The road of innocence leads on, not back to the world of the child, but further into sin, ever deeper into human life."

— Hermann Hesse

ALCHEMY and PENOLOGY

<<< Part One >>>

Are you on the wrong path?

A reject? Kind of bent?

Do you need to straighten out?

Are you disobedient?

Are you a hoplizon? A scoundrel?

Is life taking its toll?

Do you worry you're a shithead?

Are you a total asshole?

I'm losing respect for the law

Won't I walk the straight and narrow

Don't want the One Right Way

I broke the cupid's arrow!

No longer do I fear God or man
I'm an animal, a New Barbarian
I'm a dog, a coyote, mixed up and confused
Crazy, insane, bloodstained and abused

When I rise from slumber
I say goodbye to lament
I'm from the underworld
I'm not here to repent (I gave up Lent for Lent)

It seems I'm on the wrong path -

The Via Negativa
Destroying illusions,
I see through the eyes of Shiva

Alchemy, Alchemy
Begin with the massa confusa
This is the base substance
But not the tabula rasa

The crude ingredients
Not the spaghetti, the pasta
(Somebody called me the Pasta)

<<< Part Two >>>

Place the massa confusa in a sealed container
into a Vas Hermeticus

Apply heat

Change the substance's nature

Transform it.

Reveal the true nature of the original substance

This is the equivalent of the birth of a soul

Hermes - the God of Alchemy

The God of Thieves and Criminals

The mass of confusion

The criminal flounders in the Unknown

Over the border

Outside the world of law and order

Into the ~~world~~ realm of Hermes

Into the unconscious

It is a border we all need to cross

Criminals sell things you think you don't want
Cocaine, guns, discount hi-fi stereos, ^{the big fat blunt}
They are made desperate by their failure to walk
The One Right Way To Walk

Criminals are on the soul's journey
Along the Via Negativa
Making a living
Exploiting the hidden realms

Through alchemy we extract the living God
From our wounds and complexes and pathologies

Do you know the difference between spirit and soul?
The path of the spirit is straight
The path of the soul is crooked
It spirals downward into disturbing nightmares

<<< Part Three >>>

Our purpose is not to be good, but to be real
To know our darkness
To walk the via negativa

Not to be naive
Not to be a sucker
Not to be a gort

We want to know what we are capable of
We want to know our limits,
Our hungers, our desires
This is painful knowledge to acquire

But a series of deaths and births
Is ~~the~~ a part of the alchemical process

With incarceration, imprisonment, captivity
We enter the container - the vas hermeticus
It contains the opus contra naturum

Avoid the heat!
Escape the heat!
Outwit the heat!

The desire to eliminate crime
Is the desire to eliminate soul
To maintain a well-managed subtle fascism
Behaviorists are Granted boundless control

15
Dreams are the voice of our soul
Connecting us to our massa confusa
At night our dreams break in
Stealing away and violating
Habitual everyday consciousness

Dreams provide a way for us
To access our dark criminal side
And turn it into gold

<< Part Four >>

45
You need these criminals
To assault your habitual ego
To murder your typical patterns of thought
You need criminals to save your soul

You consider the Aztecs primitive
For sacrificing human beings
To please their gods
Yet you close your eyes
To people thrown off cliffs

You close your eyes
To the criminals you destroy with your laws
You close your eyes
To the worlds you sacrifice

Third worlds in the U.S.A.

Third worlds in New Jersey
Camden, Asbury Park

Fourth worlds in Africa and Afghanistan

You even close your eyes ~~to~~

To future generations

Sacrificed to Mammon

In order for you to be able

To consume all you lust after

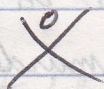
You sacrifice your very soul

All the time of your life

In order to be "a success."

We're tired of laboring in the mines
of your ignorance!

Our purpose is not "to succeed"
 We learn to be the loser
 Our purpose is not "to be good"
 We learn to be real



SHOOT ME DEAD

Society is a dirty rotten trick
 Call I me love-sick heretic lunatic
 I beat you down with my walking stick
 Quick, swallow down the arsenic
 Throw a brick, do the arithmetic
 I impose myself as a maverick
 Wipe away the lies and her lipstick

Now regicide is justified
 Open-eyed nation-wide suicide
 Kill the goat in Gorticide
 Slaves are never dignified
 How can they be so self-satisfied?
 Ignorant of being taken for a ride

21
Doing nothing I learn to change every day
Slavery is slavery no matter what the pay
Pretty clothes and trucks won't free your mind
I into help the blind leading the blind
Why is my brother down on his knees?
Why does the FBI murder aborigines?

This sad clown never wears a frown
Or sings in the Queen's English
But serve free food downtown
And I'll spit Quinn's B into a dish

I never cared for being white
Never cared for "might makes right"
I wanna be the Great Filini's acolyte
In the twilight I write with second-sight
Downright out-of-sight troglodyte
Don't need another satellite
I am the bright bedlamite with copyright
Midnight meteorite taking flight
Lay her down, perform the sacred rite

PSYCHOTIC SAGE

All these robotic slaves are so lame
Who do you think is tame?
You, not me - now, ain't that a shame?
Kill me, bury me, save me from blame

Slavery is slavery, better do as we say
Here's twenty-five bucks, catch a bus
Earn your wages like the rest of us

Hell no! This is my dying day
Let it be today, make it go away
Sorry, not today, never never say
To earn my pay on the seventh day
Take the subway halfway to my hideaway
Gotta stowaway and get away from underpay

I know I am Mission Mike
No one else understands but me
My heart-mind is brother-like
Volunteer to clean Black Elk's debris
Who in this world is gonna set us free?

I may be ignorant, you think
If you believe that, pour down another drink
I am the one who knows himself
I never put that wisdom on the shelf
Mama Africa whispers to me: "Know Thyself."

We walk our prayers
We eat the sun
Don't tell me I had better run!
Shoot me in the back
See if I care
Call me a maniac
Contrast and compare
Walking on water
There's no miracle there
Bare feet on the green earth
Now this is my prayer

Time to unleash the Beast
We eat our bread deeply, the Last Feast
I test out my Jesus Christ pose
Become morose and overdose

PSYCHOTIC SAGE

I used to be a truth seeker
 Now I'm a truth speaker
 Tripping on sleeplessness
 Insomniac nocturnal cool cat
 I'm as white as the devil
 But I'm no soldier, cop, or mall-rat

Pacing back and forth like a tiger in a cage
 Medication tranquilizes my psychotic rage
 Filling up page after page after page
 With the words of a psychotic sage

Waiting to be released from this fart stinking cell
 Waiting, still waiting, tolerating this living Hell

What's it all mean? What's it all about?

It's time to crank it up

We can make 'em scream and shout

War in the Middle East

Dead Iraqi children are your fucking feast
 You're gonna pay come Judgement Day
 Iraqis just want the U.S. to go the hell away

91
P2YCHOTIC 2AGE
Fuck Christmas! Fuck your S.U.V.
Fuck Hanukkah too! Set the prisoners free

While you law-abiding gorts keep pointing your fingers
The stench of the dead bodies still lingers
I don't even know why I bother to stick around
My brain is in the lost and found

The United States has massacred many great peoples
So don't expect any sympathy for your
demolished steeples
Still killing brown-skinned folks with your bombs
You act like terrorists don't have any moms.

What right do Christian nations have to control Iraq?
I pray to the devil the real Iraqis take the power back
Poverty on Indian reservations right before our eyes
You can't hide the truth, but we're still
choking on lies

Dumb ass idiot Church going drones
Cutting the flesh right off my bones
They crucify a thousand Christs per day
Don't call me the devil!
Listen to what I have to say

We're gonna take over a TV station
And put Wall Street on a permanent vacation
You know if we began to march in the streets
for all to see
The Bush regime would flood our streets
with crack cocaine for free

These crooks want the masses distracted and confused
I'm telling all you warrior-poets you are just being used!
Throw down the pipes and join this fight
We can liberate our minds —
You know that I'm right

Wisdom is better than silver and gold
Budweiser and football games are getting very old
Look back at human history
For a thousand years, we've struggled to be free

Indian sympathizers killed in their sleep
Call me nigger-lover, mock me as I weep
Your dirty floors I will no longer sweep
The Spirit World witnesses all our tears
Here come the ghosts to dispel our fears

All the innocents who have been killed
Are now returning - prophecies will be fulfilled

And it won't matter that I'm white
I know who, in this Hell I'm gonna fight
'Cause I know who my brothers and sisters are
They're standing right next to me
I don't have to look far

All these drugs are keeping them from hearing my words
They're all so impressed with their Cadillacs
and their Fords

But the animal nations are feeling my heart
Have been with the little creatures from the
very start

45
I'm not into bragging - Hell, I know I'm a bum
But not one of you fuckers can tell me I'm dumb
I guess we'll just sit back and see
How many kids set their minds free

Turn out the lights
Shut the whole system down
Cancel the flights
Watch that prick Dick Cheney drown
Hold him under water
Let all those bastards drown!

I love you my Mother
I love you my Brother
But I'm not like the Other
In my own tears you will smother

Psychotic sage pulls out his gun
He shoots it off in the air just for fun
Now where the hell can he run?
Fuck it, it's over and done
We've got a planet to save
Morpheus, I know we're The One.

MENTALISTIC MAYHEM

What is permitted?

What is forbidden?

The Real you, The Real me —
Down, dirty, and hidden

Face to face with phantoms, hence
I undermine your sheepish subservience
Life is absurd — no punishment, no reward

Even though I've been getting wet and cold
My life will not be bought or sold
I don't do as I'm told
My life won't be controlled

Slowly we begin to realize
That we pose a threat to ideas of enterprise,
Usefulness, work — progress I despise (despise?)
No amount of money or the lies it buys
Could ever justify our meaningless lives
Right before your eyes, she defects and defies

FOR THE REST OF MY YEARS

We got dirty rivers - dirty rivers? I wish
We drink from oily rivers
Poisoned fish in our dish!

So what So what is so?
You do not really care to know
Living incognito among the status quo
What I would I do without Joe, Joe, and Joe?

When we escape Taker prison
Where will we go
If not up into the mountains
To sleep in the snow?

No matter how hard we try
To ourselves, we just can't lie
Especially when we say goodbye
And our spirits fly high into the sky

Doing nothing, I withdraw my support
I won't serve the princes at their resort
I'd rather hide away in a Stone Age fort
Because I'm smarter than the average gort

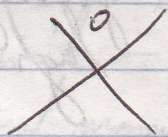
MENTALISTIC MAYHEM

Holy fuckin' heck!
 The most powerful tool
 Hinged at the base of my neck

I won't strain in vain
 Now our lives are down the chain
 I bring the pain then I go insane

Go insane
 Go insane

Step through the crack
 Up is down, down is up
 Black is white, and white is black
 I ran the train right off the track
 From within my own mind
 I launched the attack



FOR THE REST OF MY YEARS

Sleeping in the fields when the strong winds began to blow
Pacing like a tiger in a cage, feeling a wild inner glow
Police state soldiers flashing lights into the woods

Where Mikey's tent still stood
He would have crawled into that tent to snuggle between blankets
If he only could - yeah, if he only could

But the fear of interrogation and arrest weigh heavy
On his worried mind, on his worried mind
So he made his way to social services hoping
Emergency shelter. He might find, shelter he might find

That pretty senorita got his heart all soft and blue
Just no way to hug her close, no way to kiss her
So he cries boo hoo hoo

La La La and Shah-nah-nah Lie-Lie

Until the day I die, I cry "Why, why, why?"
Why, why, why can't I just lay down and die?
Why must I reach for her pie
only to be denied?

Now he hides at night from the guns of the avenging
He scuffles down to the beach singing the blues
Humming a tune from inside his head
Wonderin' how it really feels to be dead.

Now, my my sweet heart so cold
Do ya I think we're gonna live to be old?
My sweet heart so cold,
Will we even live long enough to grow old?

No No No, Lah lah Lah, Sha Nah Nah, Dee Dah Dah
No more Wah-Wah, no more fears
No more tears for the rest of my years

Now sir, when they pass bill four hundred thirty three
They're gonna come after you and me
Better run away and take shelter with chi-monkey
When the bastards pass bill four three three
And criminalize the likes of you, me, and Mikey
So hear my song mister aborigine / Hear my song, my brother chi monkey
Wont you come down here and visit me?
Rescue me from these hungry streets of Albany
Before this hood makes a mockery of my sacred poetry.

SLOWLY BUT SURELY

I'm not gonna let them see me cry
 No, they just aint gonna see me cry
 Heaven is a dirty rotten evil lie
 All I have I left is this third stinkin' evil eye

Love went walkin the streets of Asbury Park
 Just a shadow in the dark
 So many scavengers with their noses to the ground
 Absolutely nothing, nothing here to be found

These streets are breaking my heart
 Slowly tearing my soul apart
 Love has I his palms to his face
 Tears burning, burning in disgrace

Oh no, I will never let them see me cry!
 But now I don't need to wonder why
 Kids with broken hearts grab a disguise
 And machine-gun down innocent passersby

The world is surely breaking my heart
 I've been crying all I along right from the
 start

Now I am filled with the deepest agony
Don't know how we are gonna live free
Free from the greed and free from the hate
Will violent and stupid deaths be our fate?

This broken heart cries its tears behind closed doors
On my knees? Hell, I am on all fours!
Cover my face with my dirty palms
No longer caring about the bombs

Out of control, the cancer of hate spreads
I think we'd all be better off dead
But you will never see me cry in plain view
Gotta keep a strong mind while I sing the blues

So rip it out, tear out my heart,
Suffocate my love
What you do to me, you do to the Lord above
No wonder, when you speak, I don't believe
What you got hiding up in your sleeve?

35
BONNIE AND SOLD
Who's to blame? What a shame, shame, shame
Bringing children into this world seems so lame
Is it worth the trouble trying to love?
Crying in agony, love's in much need of love

And it's not just me, you all know it's true
I see into your hearts, it's happening to you too
This world is breaking your heart.
Tearing it to peices, ripping it apart.

I will share a secret with you all
When deep into your emotions, you begin to fall
Go somewhere alone to cry your tears
Reach deep inside for strength throughout the years

Wait a minute, look around, see how the masses suffer
No time for tears, follow the birds down to the free supper
Something is changing in me, subtly but real
I have to believe you feel what I feel
Eyes wide open, I cry for myself (everything is myself)
I want to escape and leave all the pain behind
As long as one soul suffers we all are not kind
We continue to see through the eyes of the blind.

BOUGHT AND SOLD

I have tried to free you from your blindness
 But I see too much, my vision is too deep
 My emotions become so very tender
 Seeing how money turns wolves into sheep

I guess I had to write that letter
 I took a chance and forced my thoughts on you
 But I mistook your kindness for attraction
 And the more I pushed, the further you withdrew

Your heart seems to me to be so cold
 I can't even recognize this hometown of mine,
 Freehold

With all the people from the cities chasing down
 their gold

They just keep doing as they're told
 Everyone is bought and sold

My inner voice warms my heart like a fire
 Moms say Don't ever let them see you cry
 But I won't live the lie of Polite Society
 Angry white monkey hates everyone he sees

43
You think you can shame me
By releasing
Your heart truly is ice-cold
But the people's hearts are warming,
the cold is getting old
Children of the Earth,
be bold enough to reject the gold
Why are you doing as you're told?
Some things I can't be bought or sold.

X

SOME THINGS ARE BETTER LEFT UNSAID

I realize that some things are better left unsaid.
Not every poem is meant to be read.

There is a demon within me that gets out of its cage
It writes in a fury and runs around in a rage.

Some words I write I ought to keep to myself
So much that I write I have to hide on the shelf.

Becoming more authentic is a noble task
But how do I break through my own
comfortable mask?

NEVER MIND

Mister Sam thinks he can bust my chops
 Denying me access to his overpriced box of Tops
 Leave this boy alone Mister High Brow Snob
 You judge me for not kneeling down for a job

I won't take the blame
 Your restless work ethic
 Is a god damned shame
 And your idea of helping folks
 Is simply cruel and lame

You want to see me punished
 But what is my crime?
 You arrogant egomaniac
 You can't wait to drop the dime
 You fuel your little world
 With money and double overtime

You want to put me in my place
 You think you're in the Olympic rat race
 Watch out you phony bastard
 Before you fall flat on your face
 And we throw a monkey wrench
 Into your business-as-usual pace

You think you can silence me

By releasing the hounds?

By processing me into the starving dog pounds?

You're just pissing me off

And there's not much more I can stand

I want to be flown away

To a distant Northern land

Will it all go as planned?

I spoke directly to the man - Coffee Caps Sam

It was therapeutic and non-violent

Wham-bam thank you ma'am

So now Lord Sam hath banished me

He sees me as a dirty minded dog

He makes an intruder of me

He thinks I need to be taught

How not to speak, Taught how not to see

Taught how not to feel, How not to steal

Tell me, can you teach me

How to eat without a free meal?

His face is all contorted

Twisted with a sneer and a grunt

He calls me stupid for being so blunt

34
He must not know the deal
Skinny Puppy gonna cut the testes
Off the men of steel

Let the power songs free
Make my animal spirit sing
Feel the rage building up inside of me
My humiliation drowns in the silence of history
Gosh golly gee - oops
Here I go again - stinging the bee

You are not just and I am not wicked
The judge is honest in flesh
But a thief in spirit
He won't let me speak
He doesn't care to hear it
Maybe he fears it

Braiwashed to be ambitious
Or chained in need
Can't blame any creature
Killing to be freed
Freed from the law-abiding greed
Freed from the need for all shades of green
And every high priced privilege in between
What'cha gonna do this Halloween?

Will you hear your own silent scream? 37

Quiet riot by the lean and mean

We won't keep our sneakers clean

Pray save my Queen

Pray save your Queen

The most beautiful voice

My ears have ever seen

We better save your Queen

From the greed machine!

She becomes tired and wishes she were retired
But she's too damn loyal to ever get herself fired
And even if she were, she knows she would
Be quickly rehired

I guess I'll never know what really transpired
I'm hanging from a rope -
Pissed off and wired

When truth stared Power down
Power wore a self-righteous frown
Then threatened to call the pigs from downtown
Spoiled pampered business man
He belongs in a gown
And he's just one more thorn
In my thorny crown

Mama said, "Punish her for her spineless flight
She lacks the heart to join your fight
She may even believe that might makes right
Don't worry anymore about your dreams at night
I told you many times before
Just stay away from that store
Don't I go there no more
Don't go kicking down their back door
That girl there - she left you dead on the floor"

But mama, I know her life is a bore
I only try to make her smile
That's what I go there for.

Now I got some closure
Hell, I've been banned
Has my destiny been subconsciously planned?

Run away, run away or would I rather stay?
To bear witness to the Passion Play?
Shall I run away? Run away?
Or draw a circle in the ground
And squat right here today?
Don't tell me to move on my way!

Echoes in my mind are not hard to find
 I drop a Trazadone to help me unwind
 Suddenly all my emotions are in a bind

Why the fuck does she submit to that daily grind?
 Don't tell me to never mind!
 No, don't tell me to never mind

Loyal servants may be well paid
 And exempt from the police raid
 But what about the rest of us?

Got me running to the phone
 Calling Morphene, calling Morphene
 I'm a sitting duck waiting for a bus

Here comes a warrior buck
 Can this just be good luck?
 Open the door, I jump in the truck,
 And out of scrap heap ^{city} town I snuck

Then all changed when I stared down ~~her~~ boss
 Now Jesus dirt-slams down his bloody cross
 What can be changed?
 What needs to be rearranged?

Free your cousin and all the Baptists
 Get the people to raise our fists

Jesus would then live to be an old sage
Come on, Jesus, get up, display your rage
Now we're living in a desperate age

Let's get your cousin John out of that cage
Come on, get your cousin off this frozen page

Cops and soldiers enforce economic slavery
Topple the empire, let's set the armies free

Welfare in demand, we're busy staying alive
We're swarming all up in your face
Now we're taking back our mine
And you're the only asshole
Who buys into your jive

Breathing air, breathing water
Breathing in the silent tears
Cried I by your "adopted daughter"
Tell me how you really caught her
I'm speaking from the core
Now we're in the fourth quarter

You might as well spray me with mace
So you can get a better look at my disgrace
I wiped that aristocratic grin right off your face
You may think you're a king, but I know I'm an ace

Will I be enraged until my dying day?
Can I make the tides and the winds to sway?
Will I scream my life away as I rot and decay?

Troubled heart, Now disguise your sorrow
Seize the day, We never reach tomorrow

No longer in my dreams
Seeds die ~~die~~ in the toxic dirt
Lo siento senorita
I couldn't help but flirt

The Baptist talks before Jesus walks
I'm just a lonely wolf that poverty stalks

I'm always hungry like the TRICKSTER
She was never broken,
But her boss swears that he fixed her

Welcome to this scrap town hazing
Looks like we'll witness riots and Hell raising

Poison ivy warrior plant
They want to exterminate me
But they've found that they can't
Deadly little fire ant gonna rant and rant

You were so f-f-fugly during our heated debate
About your subconscious motives

Concerning Nati's fate

Go fuck yourself Mister I'm so Great
This Hannibal Lector you underrate

What will be my fate?

You want to see my head on a paper plate

But all you can do is make me more irate
Look into these eyes and you behold the hate

In this town and country I have a dirty slate
Like an angry wounded shark

Choking on hooks after swallowing bait

Within my mind a sea of red

Curled up in the corner of this little shed

Here comes the bullet for my little head

Not from a soldier or a cop

But from Mickey Mouse instead

Now I don't need your free bread

'Cause I'm as good as dead

Let the earth be my bed

Money and control, control and money

I never believed you had ever started her honey

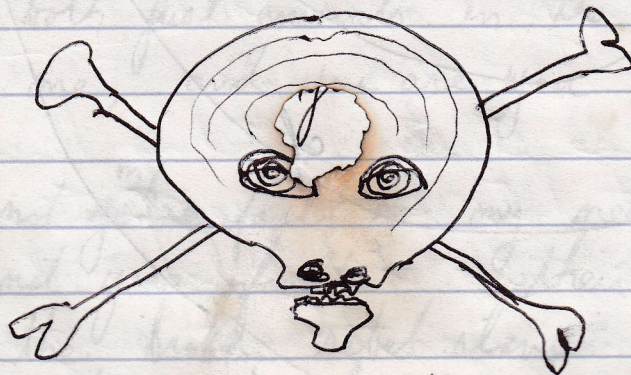
I just think that you both are control freaks

And not the least bit funny

BLACKENED HEART

Challenging your business - I make it my own
 Over the cuckoo's nest I have finally flown
 I won't rest until this system is overthrown
 Until I find a sacred place for my holy stone
 A place to tap a drum with a bone

You imagine yourself sophisticated and nice,
 But I'm looking straight through you
 I don't have to look twice
 Your soul is crawling with demons and lice
 And you surround yourself
 With self-satisfied mice



Mike Hartich

"inspired" by confrontation with "Sam"
 of the "6-12" in Freehold, NJ

BLACKENED HEART

As the cops chase the ghosts out of town,
The frowns of the clowns bring me down
And as the seeds of love germinate
Mother Love gives birth to Hate

Too late — just leave me be
My desire is a crime of the third degree
My sin is that I long to breathe free
But her world has no place for me

Broken Dreams and silent screams,
Nothing is what it seems
We're both just animals in the zoo
I am me, and you are you

It's not ~~your~~^{my} fault — my need
It's not your fault — their greed
I'm the broken rebel slave
Who wants to be freed

I don't want to be you
Your life I refuse to lead
But I still pine to see you
This wound still needs to bleed

42
BLACKENED HEART
I don't regret exposing my heart
I promised that I wouldn't fall apart
Her smile had set my heart on fire
Only she can extinguish my desire

She might have saved me —
If she only cared to
But she does not care
Now, what do I do?

Love turns to hate,
Dream becomes nightmare
Can this be our fate?
Without money, go nowhere

Walking these streets, clutching bricks,
Nothing but hate for these punts and pricks!
How long shall I beg before I steal?
Please, one cigarette after every meal

They judge me, but I refuse to keep the face
Of killing everyone in this human race
Feel my BLACKENED HEART,
KISS my ugly face

Send out the hounds, hose me down with mace

Will you join the ranks and earn your wages?

Will you fuel the tanks that keep us in cages?

If so, please don't mind when I go into rages!

Fathers feed their children

By jumping in a truck

Put in 8 many hours

Turn time into a buck

No more holding back the tears

The time has come to jam the gears

Of the Great Machinery of Society

Until we slay the Dragon, we can never be free

Watch that man in the monkey suit

Feel a kick from his steel studded foot

Hell no! He has no loot —

Insane, deranged, his case is moot

Throw rocks and bottles, incite The Fight

Blurring the lines ~~that~~ between wrong and right

Shut out that light and say goodnight

I slither down tracks and out of sight

74
Mark my words, the day will arrive
When money will not keep you alive
No more pizza and all that give
Tell me how the hell will you survive?

"The city is a death sentence."
Said the Aborigine to me
Please pardon the next four lines
There's a darker world I see

Love and smiles come easy
When the belly is filled with rice
How pretty is that long black hair
When it's crawling with lice and mice?

Hour after hour, day after day
I understand why it has to be this way
We have to recognize that we're in Hell
Only then will we crack the matrix shell

The matrix is held together with lies
So it should come to you as no surprise
Nothing that is so, is so
Our entire world is in disguise

02
The wealthy lord is not the brightest star
His concerns are petty, His pride is in his car

2
The lazy bum who does not work
Who knows much more than you
His concerns are deep and true

Your people are beautiful and strong
That's why I sing this song
If you all stay in the matrix,
You won't be strong for long

It is because I love you
That I warn you of these things
By now you know my word is true
Although it is a truth that stings

I was enchanted by your eyes
But you turned my heart to black
You took my love, ignored my cries
Now I ask you give it back

ray
I know you are very smart
And for your home you grieve
Please, do NOT take my heart
I'll need it when you leave

— M. Hentrich

BUSY BEE

Africanized Bee,

Africanized Tree,

Come Hell or high water

I'm gonna get myself free!

Damn it, I want my drums!

Holy Ghost Dance is on the loose

(and where's Nati?)

I thought she was my Muse...

Snare, bass, drum, tom-toms, and cowbells

We're working with the Crow Hill kit

But where's the Fiddler?

(you mean the Aborigine?)

~~He's having a fit~~

He's on the roof, and he's having a fit!

Why is Mission Mike such a freakin' misfit?

Our song is set free

Now I'm ringin' the bell

Commercial radio goes to hell

53
GWA ON THE LOOSE
I hear the singers walkin' down the railroad tracks
Carrying the weight of the world on their backs
I'm not impressed with bling-bling,
So just relax

I'm alright Jack - I study the facts

Mike Bloomberg makes a profit of two million
dollars per week

I can't stand to listen to that rich boy speak
His goons might call Mike Hentrich a freak
On his desk I would take a long hot leak

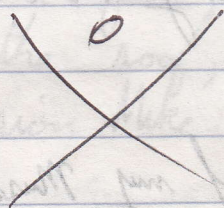
I want to see the sophisticates and plutocrats fry
They want to bully the workers
So the consumers can buy, buy, buy
And corporate government continues to lie
It's no wonder why no one will cry when
they die

fit?
fit?
I am the servant of my Muse,
And I tell where she commands
The street poets have something to say
Out here in Jungle Land

BUSY BEE

Come Dancer, Prancer, Dasher, and Vixen
Come Comet, Cupid, Donner, and Blitzen
Bush aint' no Hitler,
He's just a Richard Nixon
A dangerous bafoon who is fixin'
To incinerate the planet
And everyone's listenin'...

We're all to blame if we don't bring this beast down
Not just Bush, but every damn clown in town
Who thinks that with force
They can push people around
Lead, follow, or get the hell out of the way,
I curse the American Empire loudly today!



GWA ON THE LOOSE

Spiderman, Spiderman

Does whatever a spider can
Spins his web, climbs the walls
Kicks your daddy right in the balls
Steals your mamma when her car stalls

Look out!

Here comes the Spiderman

Kickin' cops in the can

Fryin' up the bacon

Cookin' pigs in a pan

Robbin' kings when he can

Cleanin' your clock like Spic-N-Span

Sleepin' on a beach, workin' on his tan

We call him Best Deal Man

Watch out, here comes the Spiderman...

- Gort-eaters With Attitude

Extended version: from "Comical Cant"

[chi] "sillyman"

Silly Mike, Silly man
Rejects Jehova but worships Pan
Posts nursery rhymes on the front page because he can
sit at home on his ass
On the first of the month,
He smokes his grass
By himself, no "puff, puff, pass"
He smokes it all
He's got no stash
Look out!

Here comes the Mikey Man
Blasting his stereo throughout the land
Fell down the stairs and then he ran
The cops can't catch that Krazy Man
The Krazy Man with a Master Plan
From all the bars Mikey gets banned
For speakin' his mind to the Clan
I'm just messin' with you Mike,
I'm really a fag
Watch out, here comes Mission Mikey Man ...

(TRIPLE-M)

[MMM]

Harsh words comrade, but flattering nonetheless
 Peanut butter dripping down from my chin to my chest
 I'm getting by on less, although I must confess
 I'm too old to be cornered
 and put to the test

And if you think I'm on my ass all day
 Then you should follow me around on foot
 So you can watch me fly up, up, and away
 As I leave the gorts to tail away
 And argue about what I have to say
 I'm a walkin' syrviven' gort-eater, Peter!
 It's an inside joke, chi...
 you would have ~~have~~ had to meet her.

[chi as "Morale Jew"]

I've already met her but did not want to pet her
 Hell no, I'm surprised that you let her
 Do that "thing" to your pecker

Please don't hold a grudge for this toxic sludge
 I am who you think but shh, shh,
 wink, wink, nudge

Are you sure that's peanut butter droppin down your chin?
And not some other substance,
Your next of kin?

I know you get freaky, deaky
With your chunky monkey
You're oh so spunky
But not a flunky

In fact you got A's in your college days
Was it only a phase?
Were you caught up in a craze?
A rat in a maze
Trying to find out what pays?

Which way is the cheese?
Who is it you say I have to ~~please~~ appease?
Yes, Massa, Right on it, I desire to phase,
The Owners will pay us if we get on our knees
And sell our souls to the Satanic Machine

Nevertheless, me, I'm amazed
Out of my lips, for Spidey, comes nothing but praise

in chin?

except for right now I'm in some sort of daze
Morose Jew's back to roam this maze
to stir up a craze, to soak up your rays,
to test your serenity in these last days

"Wait! Wait, ~~say~~ I say,
I had to set her straight
I took the bait and became irate
When she suggested that it was work that you hate
Like ~~that~~ hating work is an undesirable trait
and being lazy some kind of sad state...

I tried to explain that you're got too much on your plate
That you don't want a mate
You're too busy to date
Your thoughts and writings sitting there in a crate
Gathering dust, as evidence for the state that you hate
If you had a job you'd always be late
I said to Kate as I set her straight

?

head

But none of that matters,
Except for your wasted 'baby badder
or the bumps on her lips
from the Silly Man's splatter

ise

or the pee in your pants
from your weak stinky bladder

I'm just playin' with you
I hope you're not madder
I hope my rhyming doesn't make you sadder

I hope you aren't going to search for a ladder

I'm joking of course but I have no remorse
and won't be forced into changing the course
especially since you bumped that last post
about a gift economy that would help us to cope
with being at the end of our rope
and feeling helpless, without any hope
Damn it Janet, you must be on dope!

But so must I, I lie, I cry,
and one day I'll die

Hopefully with a smile on my face and love in my heart
Not some shit in my pants embarrassed to fart.

I took it tooooo far... I stepped in tar
My humor is funny to me, to me I'm a star.

I'm only kidding... you can debate this if you want
It's kind of vulgar because I just said cunt.

[MMM]

Oh no, now look what I've done,
We've gone over the edge, and now it's begun
I've summoned the demons -
We're the 3 blind mice - see how we run!

Yet Scott's far from blind
I'm amazed at how much he sees
Now he's dotting his i's and crossing his t's
He's got my number
To him, psychoanalyzing me is a breeze
He doesn't charge me by the hour
He does it for free!

He's right on point about my fate
But I stole this time so I could create
And now the hour is getting late
Some folks are disturbed by my enjoyment
They want me to act like I want
"gainful employment."

12
Writing code can be such a bore
I don't want to be Bill Gates's little whore
So I clutch my pen and my pad
I don't think rhyming is just a passing fad

As long as we keep it tongue-in-cheek
We can go back and forth like this each week
You don't have to rhyme like Eminem
or Shakespeare
Just spit it out and dispel your fear

There's nowhere left for us to run
We're getting silly, spitting words for fun
Up our sleeves we hide our tricks
And we're doing all this just for kicks

It's funny stuff, we call it Comical Cant
On and On, we'll rave and we'll rant
Get your brothers out of those tanks
We'd be better off robbin' banks!

January 2007 from Experiments in Blasphemy?
from "Poetry Corner"

63

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER SIGH

Why do we even bother putting pen to paper?
What moves us to verbalize the inner life?
Would we be better off planning a caper?
Words just don't seem to end our strife ~~and~~

Walking along with a heavy heart
I consider the possibility
That none of us is all that smart
And living is an exercise in futility.

Has all the damage done on this earth been worth it?
I mean, look around and see for yourselves
Even the wealthy princes and princesses beg for a hit
With their worthless little nicknacks on their shelves

I don't know, what do you think?
Are the lives of the so-called masters worth?
Locking two million souls in the clink?
And destroying so much life upon this earth?

[Qi]

Should we lock up the masters and set the prisoners free?

Even the prisoners who would harm you and me?

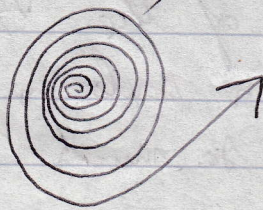
I don't know about that but we can surely let the nonviolent offenders go, the ones who wouldn't kill a flea ...
at least not intentionally

Like the bum on the street who got locked up for peeing on a tree

His cell can be filled by these arrogant asshole stock brokers and bankers in their SUV's

Put the SUV in the cell with them
and turn the key

Maybe some carbon monoxide will balance their chi



[Mike]

Qi Chi Si Si Wee Wee I pee on the tree
You were in that cold stinky cage with me?

When I die, I'll give my books to the jail
Let the imaginations in the aquariums sail
Even if they can't make bail
Vonnegut and the others will help them
write their own tale.

And all the notes I've left on my trail?
Words are doomed to chase their own tail

[Qi: Words are not the holy grail]

Words are not the holy grail
They pale in comparison to a bird or quail
so natural and free
just doing, you see?
not leaving a foot print and doing it with glee
just flying around, searching for prey
not worrying about tomorrow,
not worrying about today,
not worrying at all, unless the sky gets grey

20
[Q] [Mike]
oh what I would do to be a Blue jay!
a Blue jay in the month of May
when the sky is blue
and there's nothing to do
but fly around and do what you do
zip zip and zippity doo ...
and oh what a view!
unless, of course, you're a bird in a zoo
then the zoo keeper has to clean your poo
and make sure to feed you
every day around two

or you'll die of starvation
and that wouldn't be cool
it's no fun being a bird in a zoo
will the bird spirits take revenge
with a mighty bird flu
or could it be pigmonkey's
shamanic voodoo?



67
[Mike: Aye, Hey! Hey!]

Aye, Hey! Hey! I hear what you say
Boo coo boo-boo, you bounce around
like a loon under a full moon!

Like your brain's been exposed to too many
funny tune cartoons in those months of June,
when mama gave you a balloon
and a sp-p-oon in your room

poa
⇓

Be rowwy quiet, Jimm bunthin' gawts
They don't let us build huts
But they want mansions like King Tut's
Then they want us all to be their dirty
little sluts
So they can rip out our guts and tear off our putz
Or I have a German Shepard
growling at our nuts!

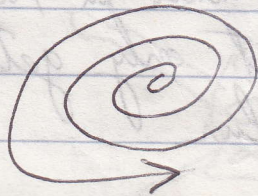
Yikes! Bugs Bunny shakin' in his fur, burrr
He tries to speak but only gets out a slur,
All his life is a blur

↪

5d
[Mike: Apr, Hwy, Hwy, Hwy]
No really, it's getting blurry, like a flurry
I'm starting to worry, hurry, hurry
No, I don't worry be happy
It's great to feel so, crappy
Good times ... it rhymes
Or maybe just a sign of the times
Everybody droppin' dimes to the
I thought police of these times

But I'm eating so I can't really complain
I fill my belly then I shut down the drain

I'm too hungry not to be happy when I eat
That is the feat of the meek and the weak
And those whose futures are bleak
Little buggars gotta develop a mean streak
The God of Smaller Things,
The God of Underlings
Eating food and the sensations it brings ...



MEMORANDUM TO THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH

Sisters in prisons are a living breathing metaphor
For the earth in chains, bleeding and sore
Wounded and raped, left to die of disease on the floor

Breathe mother, breathe
Heaven can't help us, I see
Listen to the madman!
Only madmen listen to me

Young mothers are hooked and relapsing
While the Earth Mother lets out Her Last Breaths Gasping

Look deep into reality
Meditate, slow I down and stare
Into the universal nightmare
That all living things share
How could anything at all afford not to care?

We drift to sleep softly crying
'Cause what we're prayin' to is dyin'
Into primordial worlds we creep
Into the Soul of the Earth,
We travel deep

In here with all creatures of earth, air, and waters
Even with the unborn children of our unborn daughters
Along with our undocumented mothers
And the struggling others
In here with our walking wounded brothers

This is the realm of the living and the dead
There will be no safe place to rest your head
Tell me where we gonna ^{HIDE} ~~hide~~ from the Hell
we've made!

Sex-working abused sisters, daughters, and wives
Struggling to make some sense of their lives
Living in terror

Terrorized by Free Trade Agreements
Terrorized by cages, guns, and knives

Sex-workers going down in the ice-cold hearted
silence of history,
But there's no silencing the inner
primal scream!

THE TRANCE

1987

Our policed sisters
 Our enraged sisters
 Our enraged sisters
 Alienated, alone and sighing
 As we share the universal experience
 of a planet dying

Human suffering is parallel
 To the suffering of the rest of Creation
 We're as stressed and polluted
 As the soil, air, waters, and vegetation
 We are the original victims
 of that which threatens the biosphere
 Our own patriarchal rulers
 Are the agencies that I fear

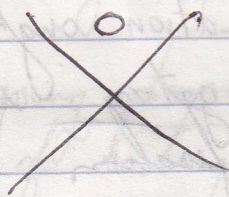
I think civilization ought to go on vacation
 so that we can get on with the
 Great Purification

Have mercy on the poor
 Have mercy on the fish and flowers
 Have no mercy on the merchants
 selling bombs and towers.

Have mercy on every living creature at birth
Have no mercy on the manufacturers of
Hell on Earth.

Have some mercy on the robots and drones
who point
a little mercy for the plugged in
When the power-grids ~~flow~~ go out,
When the toilets back up,
And we learn to do without.

I'll be howling in the mountains
Beating on a drum
Shutting on a compost heap
Learning how to hum



A DEATH SONG

[Part One: I KISS THE SKY]

Getting old, nowhere to go,

Landlord tells me to hit the road

Where to put my shit? Looks like I'm hit.

Abandon ship! Abandon fire!

I don't want to serve the sire.

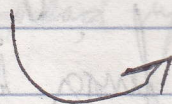
nor do I desire to be led to by a liar
(beat changes)

Can you hear me?

Why do they fear me?

They think I'm a menace

Can't afford a fuckin' dentist



(back to first beat)

They see me falling

Now we're brawling

On my ~~knees~~ hands and knees

Through the dark I'm crawling

Suburbia just keeps on sprawling

But all their cars will soon be stalling

You think I'm lozy, I think I'm crazy,

My mind's more than a little hazy

I expect nothing But I'm ready

For anything And I'm extremely heady

Can't keep this trigger finger steady

Don't want a job with little Eddie

Downward ~~down~~ spiral Can't control this

Oceanic abyss Ignorance is bliss

And so I suffer I know too much

Same old story I'm acting up

I'm not a clown I won't shut up

Don't bring me down I'm waking up.

You wear a frown You see me change

Before your very eyes I won't believe the lies

I'm gonna fight it I see through the disguise

People around me Try to offend me

I hold my head up Don't ~~and~~ drive a Bentley

7P
(back to first beat)
I'm not a loser Just a confuser

In the past and future

I've been and may be a drug abuser

Some may think I'm quite a boozier

They tried to fix me

Now I stand before my accuser

(beat changes)

Sometimes I really cry

At times I want to die

How high I fly How far I fall

Now say bye-bye

I kiss the sky x 3

Baby, say I bye-bye

Say goodbye as I kiss the sky

[Part Two: Missing]

I'm going hungry I must be stupid
 She doesn't love me
 I killed the cupid
 I'm moving on and moving backward
 I write my song on your blackboard
 School's in session
 But Mission's missin'
 On the wall Now I'm pissin'
 Too much chatter Too much thought
 All this writing Done for naught
 Done for what?
 (pause)

Skinny puppy Skinny runt
 I'm not an addict I But I'll smoke a blunt
 They want to trap me Don't want me to roam
 Now they got me without a home
 Public enemy Am I a menace
 To society? [still need a dentist]

99
My feet are dirty There's no denying
In the kitchen, the eggs are frying

Gun Street Girl Now she's crying

But not for me My God, I think she's dying
I think I love her I'm not lying
(pause)

Where's chi-monkey? Where's Nature Mind?
Aborigine, I am I going blind?

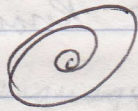
I can't see you Did you disappear?
How did they do it?
They filled you with fear

Chatter chatter It's all been stored
Now I'm disgusted And getting bored

Pay attention Soon I'll disappear

Will you miss me? It might take a year
 Will she kiss me? Shall I drink a beer?
 If I sing out loud, will they think I'm queer?

Am I a comedian? The anti-christ?
 I'm freakin' born again Still Rebellin'
 Will it ever end? (pause)
 No self-control Here I come again.



(A DEATH SONG) → I found the next song
 in H₈₃ from the summer of 2004.

I don't know what to name it.

How about: I COULDN'T ANSWER

NATIVE SON

10/17/2007

Originally, before the appearance of Man
Lucifer was my name
The Bearer of Light...
Son of the Morning

But I wouldn't bow down before Adam
Now they call me Satan
I'm supposed to have fallen
But I think they're mistaken.

Processing myths beyond belief
It gets deeper every time I fall to sleep

I've figured something out
No need to scream or shout
Sending out unconscious vibes from within, without
belling and bitching, I don't need to point

Sure, Adam is related through culture, BUT
My roots go deeper,

I'm not impressed with King Tut
Something primordial seeing through my eyes
Seeing through the force, seeing through the disguise

10/17/2001
NATIVE 201
You can't kill the Truth
I don't care who I offend
Chop off my head
The End is The End

Asking myself, "Who am I? What is me?"

I reach deeper into mythology
Beyond mythology into psychology

Acknowledging dark truths inside of me
And all that's revealed
in our ancestors' stories

We could be the second coming of Christ
Or ~~perhaps~~, maybe, perhaps,
a legion of antichrists

Whichever, whatever, we're in this together
Do what you will, but mind the weather

Watch the signs, feel the winds
Take a look within and — pause —
Because —

Poetic Schizomanalysis
 I did the homework that was to be done
 I put my thinking cap on

I'm Taken Prison's native son
 I know the end has begun
 We're living Armageddon

It happens in the present
 I can't even tell you how
 It's a passive genesis
 We're living the Tao

In the eternal here and now
 Before the Great Unknown I do bow
 But not before Man, no way, no how
 Not after I've seen what he's done
 to the Sacred Cow

Man's done more harm on Earth
 Than the Devil can bare to allow
 Not even Jesus can save Man now

Go ahead Man, take a bow
 You're really gone and done it now



misfit

115

I woke up today and realized that I'm a misfit
I'm on some punk & shit, I ain't gonna do shit
I'm a munchkin - got arms like two fucking toothpicks

I used to think I was quick
Now that I see that I'm not very fast
They got me afraid to speak
So I'm screaming out of my ass

I'm so confused that I'm losing focus
I'm living through Kurt Vonnegut's Hocus Hocus
Disturbing the peace wherever I live
I can't seem to forgive, I'm over-sensitive

I tried to converse with Original Man
I saw it in His eyes that he wasn't a fan
So I took my bread home to work on my Plan

As far as I can see I don't have any goal
But this Behemoth still grows strong in my soul
And the State has me under total control
As long as I depend on the dole
Economic house-arrest is taking its toll
All I can afford is to go on a stroll